

# HUSBANDS WHO ARE THOUGHTLESS.

Men often seem brutal, cruel, and unkind, when they are only thoughtless. It amounts to pretty much the same thing, from the fact that the effects are just as far-reaching and baneful, although there may be extenuating circumstances. Thoughtlessness in a man and wounded pride in a woman are the rocks that wreck the matrimonial barque. Men grow practical and commonplace when matrimony is an accomplished fact and possession has satiated the keen appetite of pursuit. They are too prone to take things for granted and fancy that the arts that won the heart of a woman are a waste of time and energy when it becomes a question of retaining that love. They imagine that a woman should keep on loving whether or not any appreciation is shown.

A woman, never tired of the repetition of the old, old story which is the fuel that feeds the flame of love, and she wants to hear it again and again. She keeps her heart warm and young, and the man who seeks a wife rather than an automaton or a home dispensing machine will not fail to tell a woman over again that he loves her.

It is not sufficient that a man provides a home, and food, and raiment for the woman who bears his name. This does not satisfy her yearnings. She wants to share his very heart and soul, and to feel that under all circumstances she is the first consideration.

There are men who never think of kissing their wives, who, in fact, would be astounded if they were told that a woman expects such demonstration, and would be made happier through the little proofs of affection that cost so little and mean so much, and for which her poor, hungry heart is actually starving. The man who really loves his wife should kiss her every morning before leaving his home for the day. Some there are who are so superstitious in this regard that should the little attention be forgotten in the hurry of the moment they will return fearing some accident may happen and the memory of the seeming neglect add to the sorrowing retrospect.

If men pursued the same methods in endeavors to retain a woman's love that are employed in the winning, fewer scandals would wreck homes and rob children of parental care.

A man grows cold and thinks that a home and the mere means of subsistence should satisfy a woman. The consequence is, that the first man she meets elsewhere who says a kind word or manifests an interest in her reawakens her dormant soul.

There are oftentimes too little appreciation evinced toward a woman, who perhaps has sacrificed much for the sake of the man whom she loves, and her wounded pride keeps her silent while her heart is slowly freezing. And soon her face begins to show signs of the struggle she is fighting so hard to hide, while the man wonders what has marred the beauty that first attracted him. He forgets that happiness is the most potent beautifier that touches with a sunlit glow to radiate its own beams. With the death of happiness, the soul has gone out of the face, robbing it of its chiefest charm. Did he offer one caress he might be amazed to see the reanimated corpse of a dead love resurrected in a smile.

A woman's pride will not permit her to sue for the love of the man whom she has married and for whom she left her home. And this is the contrary that wars in a woman's heart. She will sue and plead for the love of a sweetheart, but with a husband she cannot—she wants his love as a generous gift, not as exacted tribute.

If a husband praises a wife and shows his love for her, I do not believe that one woman in ten thousand could be enticed from the fealty of that love that has influenced her life. It is when neglect and contempt have pained her sense of honor that she listens to the tempter who satisfies the cravings of her hungry soul.

There are men who fancy that every word of praise, every trifling compliment paid a wife will prove the stepping stone to perdition. Who will lash themselves into frenzy of uncalculated rage, if a chance meeting with a friend occasions some passing pleasantry to the effect that she is looking well or something equally insignificant, who no matter how much pains a woman may have taken to appear at her best would think it a machination of the devil to express any admiration either by word

or look, and yet such men expect to retain a woman's love.

There are in truth many unappreciated blessings in this life, the value of which is never estimated until the knell "too late" rings out the doom of unrewarded love.

There are many noble women who have and are still struggling to support a brood of little ones, to whom the husband and fathers never utter one word of kindness or appreciation. A woman will toil unceasingly and sacrifice ungrudgingly, but she does expect in return some word or look that will send the glow of sunshine into her tired, hungry heart.

If a man cannot repay a woman for whatever sacrifices her love may make for his sake, he can at least go to her and tell her so and with his arms about her whisper to her that he loves her and hopes for the day when he may prove that love, and there are precious few women who will not be rejuvenated and ready and willing to face any ordeal that Fate may conjure in the hope of this reward.

It is when a false pride or indifference leads men to ignore a woman's claim upon his regard that she is hurt, and then if scandal follows let him question his own heart and lay the blame where it properly belongs.

There are many women who before marriage knew nothing but such lessons as are learned in the lexicon of luxury, but who after marriage have done the most menial work cheerfully and uncomplainingly, and yet who never receive one word of encouragement from the men for whom such gigantic sacrifices are made.

The thoughtful attentions that illustrate the pages of courtship should receive even greater embellishment in the

continued and more mature work of matrimony.

A woman needs love as the flowers need the sunshine and showers to perfect their loveliness. She needs appreciation, and when she leaves a life of luxury and cheerfully takes up the burden of even manual labor she merits all the tenderness by which love compensates.

A man should not take too much for granted. He should cultivate the art of thoughtfulness, not only in matters of affection, but in every question arising through the marriage tie. He should supply a wife with finances as liberally as his means will allow, and a woman who is treated with confidence is apt to prove worthy of it, and when in the course of human events the little lives come to share the home, evidence some interest. There is nothing that so completely stultifies a woman as a husband's indifference to her first baby, and yet there are men who share from intense selfishness or culpable thoughtlessness never think of noticing a baby any more than if it were a wicked, hungry, little tarantula.

To a woman in whom child love is well developed, this want of thought in the husband is a most unpardonable sin against the glory of her maternity, dealing a deadly blow to all the tenderest elements of her nature.

A man should also take pride in his wife and her appearance. If she takes rapidly, perhaps the reason might be found very close to home.

The greatest compliment that can be paid a man is for his wife to retain her youth, her good looks, her winning ways, and cheerful disposition. Happiness is a tonic that invigorates, and many a woman honestly in her youth grows beautiful in maturity when her husband has

kept the love fires glowing in her heart.

Don't take things for granted. Show a woman that you love her. If she wants to go any place, ask her if she needs any little thing extra for the occasion. Don't let her lose her self-respect by having to humiliate herself always by a sort of systematic beggary. If you value her love before marriage, put a greater value upon it after she has left all others for your sake.

If men showed their love for a woman as plainly after as before marriage, divorce courts would close their doors and die of malnutrition.

Thoughtlessness is but accentuated selfishness, and love that is selfish to the verge of brutality finds little excuse in the oft repeated subterfuge—"only thoughtless."

It is an easy matter at all times to speak—

But one kind word—  
But oh! 'tis such a trifling thing,  
Yet to the hungry heart 't may bring—  
The dearest compensation known  
And will for many slights condone—  
But one kind word.

But one kind word—  
The world is full of woes and tears,  
Husband, be not like they they hear—  
Encouragements for which Love longs,  
It blots out memories of wrongs—  
Through one kind word.

But one kind word—  
Imports a sun glow all its own  
Rapidly, perhaps the reason might be found very close to home.

Life joyous grows when Love hath blessed—  
With one kind word.

KATE THYSON MARR.

THE MANY-SIDED KAISER.

Emperor William of Germany can talk fluently in six languages. He has written a play and conducted its rehearsal. No man lives a busier life than he, but on the discovery of the Roentgen rays he telegraphed for Prof. Roentgen and talked with him for hours. He has written a public prayer and conducted a choir. He can cook his own dinner, can play chess, paint pictures, or draw caricatures. He has learned engineering and studied electricity.

Though he can use only one arm, he can shoot game for four hours at the rate of two a minute. He has over a hundred titles and is an admiral in three of the biggest navies. In twenty-five years he has shot 25,000 head of game. He sometimes changes his dress a dozen times a day, has 12,000 valets, and his wardrobe is said to be worth \$125,000.

# THE ART OF EMBROIDERY.

EMBROIDERY is the art of making pictures with the needle instead of the brush, and is of the greatest antiquity, older than painting according to the testimony of the earliest writers of both sacred and profane history. The Hebrews learned embroidery of the Egyptians, who made figured cloths, both with the loom and with the needle, working into them threads of gold, silver and other metals. Vestments of their priests were embellished with embroidery, and fabrics that have been found to display superior skill in design and weave, yet these people seem to have used few colors and shades in their work.

The Phrygians, a very ancient race who lived in a portion of Asia Minor, were renowned for their skill in embroidery, as were also the people of Babylon, and this continued up to the Christian era, in the first ages of which we find that pontifical ornaments, altar cloths and hangings for churches were embroidered with holy images, and in the fifth century the arts of weaving cloth and of embroidery attained a high state of perfection.

Embroidery is often confounded with tapestry, when in reality they are very different, embroidery being wrought upon a woven texture, whereas tapestry is wrought on a loom upon threads stretched across it, and the weft is done by drawing variously colored threads through it by means of a needle made expressly for the work. Queens and royal maidens have delighted in spending their leisure hours in the delicate and fascinating arts of embroidery and tapestry, thereby chronicling the achievements of a favorite knight or hero. Many of these pieces of work are

still preserved in the palaces and museums of the Old World.

Everyone has read of the famous Bayeux tapestry, which is ascribed to Queen Matilda, representing the conquest of England by William of Normandy. This celebrated work is not tapestry, but embroidery done in crewels on a strip of linen about a half yard in width and over two hundred yards in length. There has, however, arisen a doubt in the minds of many in regard to this being in reality the work of the Queen, it being inferred that one of her rank of her rank would have delineated the conquests of her hero in more costly materials.

CORSETS ARE NOT SO BAD.

With every sixteen-year-old salongir lecturing the customer on anatomy and advising her that the "straight front" is the only corset to wear for health and beauty, a doctor's opinion is refreshing by way of change.

The man referred to is an authority in his own line, on the other side. In view of this fact, and also because he does not condemn the corset altogether like so many members of his profession woman is likely to listen to him with attention.

Dr. Glenard says the ideal corset should be made in three parts. The lowest should be laced tight, the second should be an elastic band around the waist, not too narrow, either; the top part should be made to fit the bust neither tightly nor loosely.

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Funny, too, how many folk read 'em and profit by 'em. Had 35 per cent more replies last week than the week previous.

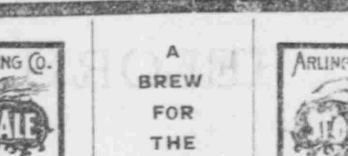
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